

# DICK RODNEY;

or, The Adventures of  
An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Most of the houses are built of good stone, but have all their windows iron-barred without and barricaded within, for the population (of which our shipmate Antonio was a striking specimen) consists of about thirty thousand olive-skinned Spaniards and double that number of slaves and free mulattoes, all loose, reckless, fiery and apt to use their knives on trivial occasions.

There was not a ship lying there for England, or any other craft by which Weston could have sent me home. A Spanish steam-rocket was on the eve of departing for Cadiz, but being wearied by the monotony of my long voyage, I was scarcely in a mood for the sea again, and wished to spend a little more time on shore instead of leaving with her.

However, I wrote to my family by the Spanish mail, acquainting them of my safety, with the strange incident which had so suddenly torn me from them, and adding that I would return by the first ship bound for any part of England; if possible, with the Eugenie, which would probably be freighted for London.

After the packet sailed with my letter in her capacious bags, I experienced an emotion of greater happiness and contentment than I had ever done since leaving home, for the sorrow which I knew all there must have suffered, and would still be suffering, hung heavily on my heart.

As we were returning to the brig, which had now been warped alongside the mole, when passing through the street which contains the great hospital, we heard the sound of trumpets, and saw the glittering of lances with long streamers above the heads of a dense crowd of people of all shades of color—black, yellow and brown—and we had to doff our hats with due respect as they passed, for in the midst, surrounded by a staff of officers, epauletted and aquilleted, their breasts sparkling with medals and crosses, and each of them riding with a cocked hat under his left arm, came the present Captain General of Cuba, a marshal of the Spanish army, Don Francisco Serrano de Dominguez, attended by an escort of mulatto lancers, all mounted on Spanish horses.

He was a fine-looking man, and although aged, had all the bearing of what he was, or, I should say, of a grandee of old Castile.

On returning to the Eugenie we found Antonio the Cuban working among the crew as lustily and as actively as any man on board. Weston now offered him remuneration for the time that he had been with us, with a hint that he might find a berth elsewhere; but our castaway evinced the greatest reluctance to leave the brig, and begged that he might be permitted to remain on board, as three of our best hands had been sent ashore, sick, to the hospital.

So short-sighted is man that Captain Weston, despite the dislike of the crew and the advice of Marc Hislop, ordered that the name of Antonio be entered on the ship's books as foremost man.

Three weeks after our arrival the brig was careened to starboard, when clear of all the cargo, and had her copper scraped and cleaned, an operation which the constant rains of the season greatly retarded.

There was much in Cuba to feed an imaginative mind, and mine was full of the voyages, the daring adventures and the vast discoveries of Columbus, with the exploits of the buccaniers, whose haunts were amid these wild and, in those days, savage shores.

I thought of the gaily plumed and barbarously armed caciques whom Columbus had met in their fleet proigues, or had encountered in the dense forests which clothe the Cuban mountains—forests, old, perhaps, as the days of the deluge—of the yellow-skinned women with their long, flowing black hair and with plates of polished gold hanging in their ears and noses; of the fierce warriors streaked with sable war paint and armed with cane arrows shot with teeth or poisoned fish bones, that fell harmless from the Spanish coats of mail; of the wild Caribs, who devoured their prisoners—with whom a battle was but a precursor of a feast; and of the famous fighting women—the terrible Amazons of Guadalupe.

I thought of the story of Columbus writing the narrative of his wonderful discoveries, his perils and adventures, on a roll of parchment, which he wrapped in oilcloth covered over with wax, inclosed in a little cask, and then cast into the sea, with a prayer, and the hope that if he and his crew perished this record of their achievements might be cast by the ocean on the shore of some Christian land.

As I sat by the sounding sea that rolled into the bay of Matanzas, what would I not have given to have seen the waves cast that old cask, covered with wax and barnacles, at my feet!

But now the plodding steam tug and the rusty merchant trade, ploughed the waters of the bay instead of the gilded Spanish caravels, or the long war proigues of the Indian warriors; and where they fought their bloodiest battles on the wooded shore, or in the

green savanna, where the painted cacique and the mailed Castilian met hand to hand in mortal strife, the smoke of the steam mill, grinding coffee or boiling sugar, darkened the sky, and the songs of the negroes were heard as they hoed in the plantations, or in gangs of forty trucked mahogany logs, each drawn by eight sturdy oxen, to the sea.

And so, in a creek of the bay—the same place where the Dutch Admiral Heyn sank the Spanish plate fleet—I was wont to sit dreamily for hours, with the murmur of the waves in my ears, with the buzz of insects and the voice of the mocking-birds among the palmettos, while watching the sails that glided past the headlands of the bay on their way to the Bahama Channel or the great Gulf of Florida.

This was my favorite resort. A wood of cocconut and other trees shaded the place and made it so dark that I have seen the fire-flies glance about at noon. The coccons are about the height of Dutch poplars, and are covered with oblong leaves, which, when young, are of a pale red. As spring drew on, the branches became covered with scarlet and yellow flowers.

Over these the vast coral tree spread its protecting foliage, whence the Spaniards, in their beautiful language, name it La Madre del Cocoon, the smallest of which has at times a thousand lovely scarlet blossoms.

## CHAPTER XVII. An Evil Spirit.

We sailed from the Bay of Matanzas at 2 o'clock a. m., on the 3d of April, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, which we were fated never to reach.

The Eugenie had been freighted for that colony with a rich cargo of molasses, sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and arrangements had been made that from Cape Town she would be chartered for London. Thus I had a fair prospect of seeing nearly a half of this terrestrial globe before I repassed my good old father's threshold at Elsmere.

I earnestly hoped that we might encounter no more waterspouts or tornadoes, as they were not at all to my taste; but from other causes than phenomena or the war of the elements it was my fortune, or, rather, my misfortune, to undergo such peril and suffering as were far beyond my conception or anticipation.

By 8 o'clock on the morning of our departure the light on Piedras Key was bearing south by east, sinking into the waves astern, and going out as we had a long farewell to the lovely shores of Cuba.

Three of our men had died of yellow fever in hospital, so we sailed from Matanzas with ten able-bodied hands, exclusive of three ship boys, the captain, first and second mates.

In the waters, after the rainy season, the sky is so cloudless in the forenoon that the heat of the sun becomes almost insupportable; thus we were soon glad to resort to the use of wind-sails rigged down the open skylight to an awning over the quarter-deck for coolness, and to skids for the prevention of blisters on the sides of the brig; but in the starry night the land-wind which comes off these fertile isles, laden with the rich aroma of their spice-growing savannas, is beyond description grateful and delicious.

Without any incident worth recording, we ran through the sea of the Windward Isles, thence along the coast of South America, and when we approached the calm latitudes, as that tract of the ocean near the equator is named, we became sensible of the overpowering increase of heat, while the breezes were but "fanning ones," as the sailors term those which, under the double influence of the air and motion of the hull, are just sufficient to make the lighter canvas collapse and swell again.

We were soon aware of other annoyances than mere heat, for now it seemed as if there was an evil spirit on board the Eugenie, and that nothing went right within or about her.

The crew sulked and quarreled among themselves as if the demon of mischief lurked in the vessel, and daily something unfortunate occurred. Half-yards or braces gave way, by which the yards were thrown aback—and in one instance the brig nearly lost her mainmast. Standing and running rigging were found to be mysteriously fretted, and even cut, as if by a knife; and then the crew whispered together of Antonio el Cubano—that horrid, dark, mysterious fellow, whose character none of us could fathom.

Twice our compasses went wrong, and remained so for days! and before the cause was discovered the Eugenie had drifted far from her course.

This varying was inexplicable, until Hislop, who set himself to watch, and frequently saw Antonio hovering near the binnacle at night, unshipped the compass box and found there were concealed near it an iron marlinspike on one side and a lump of tallow on the other, either of which was sufficient to affect the magnetic needle.

After their removal the compass worked as well as before. The crew were strictly questioned; all vowed total ignorance of the transaction, and Antonio summoned every saint in the Spanish calendar to attest his innocence, but none, however, appeared. The crew now felt convinced that, in-

spired by some emotion of malice or mischief, he alone was the culprit; and if not loud, their wrath was deep against him.

These variations of our compass set the busy brain of Marc Hislop to work, and in a day or two he declared that he had discovered a plan for preventing the repetition of tricks so dangerous by insulating the needle so as to protect the compass from attractions false or dangerous.

I am uncertain whether he perfected this experiment, but Antonio soon went to work another way; for one day, when he was supposed to be busy in the maintop, he shouted, "Stand from under!" and ere Hislop, who was just beneath, could give the usual response, "Let go!" a heavy marlinspike, the same which had been found in the binnacle, slipped from the hand of Antonio and fell crashing through the topgating.

The iron bar crashed into the deck at the feet of Hislop; whether this occurred by inadvertence or design we knew not, but the Scotsman thought the latter.

"That rascally Spanish plebeian will work us some serious mischief before we overhaul our ground-tackle or see the Cape," said Weston, who was enraged by this new incident, and the narrow escape of Hislop, for whom he had a great regard.

"Aye, he has a hang-dog look about him that I never liked," replied the latter. "He seems to be always down by the head, somehow. We should have left him in his skiff, just as we found him, like a bear adrift on a grating, or a pig in a washing tub."

On another occasion he injured Will White, one of the crew, by letting the topmast fall from the foretop, where it usually lay, for driving home the fid of the mast.

His dreams again became a source of annoyance to all in the fore-castle bunks; and on being closely and severely questioned by Captain Weston and the men as to whether he had ever killed any one, by accident or otherwise, after being long badgered, he drew his ugly knife from its shark-skin sheath and replied sullenly:

"Only a Chinaman or so, when in California."

"Well, I wish you would clap a stopper on your mouth when you go to sleep, or turn in out of earshot in a topgallant studding sail—as far off as you choose, and the further off the better," said old Roberts, sulkily, after the ravings of the Cubano had kept him awake for several nights.

"You seem to dream a great deal, Antonio," said Weston, with a keen glance, beneath which the Spaniard quailed.

"Si, Senor Capitano," he stammered. "How is this?"

"I am very fond of dreams," he replied, with a bitter smile on his lip and a scowl in his dark eye.

"Have you pleasant ones?"

"I cannot say that they are always so, but I should like to procure them."

"Shall I tell you how to do so?"

"If you please, senor," growled the Spaniard.

"Go to sleep, if you can, with that which is better than the formula of prayers, which at times you pay out like the line running off a log reel."

"And what is it you mean, mio capitano?"

"A good conscience," replied Weston, with a peculiar emphasis.

A black scowl came over the Spaniard's swarthy visage, as he touched the rim of his hat, darted a furious glance at his chief accuser, the white-haired seaman Roberts, and to end the examination walked forward.

(To be continued.)

## How It Feels to Be Hanged.

In the Wide World Magazine, Richard Hicks, an old-time actor, tells of his narrow escape from being hanged on the stage of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin. He was playing the part of Achmet, a particularly villainous character, who, after a long career of crime, is, to the general satisfaction of the audience, captured by two British soldiers and promptly hanged. "One night, while struggling with my captors, the rope slipped from my shoulders and knotted itself round my neck, just as I was being hauled up," says Mr. Hicks. "Never shall I forget that awful moment. Directly I felt the tug at my neck I gave a convulsive kick and tried to shout 'Stop!' but the word could not escape from my twitching lips. I could only make a gurgling noise. Frantically I kicked and struggled. Pain there was none, strangely enough, beyond a choking, suffocating sensation, and I could hear the tumultuous applause of the audience, who were hugely entertained with what they imagined was my realistic acting. Then a terrible sensation, like molten lead rushing down my spine, pervaded my body, and I thought my legs were bursting. I gave another mighty struggle and strove—ah! how I strove—to scream. I seemed to behold a mighty rush of green water, and my ears were filled with the roar of a cataract. I have a dim recollection of seeing a great crimson sun shining dimly from behind the waterfall, and I can remember falling indefinitely through space. Two days afterward I recovered consciousness, and then I suffered indescribable agony. The suffocating sensation still remained, but it was accompanied by an unquenchable thirst, not to mention fearful pains in my body and limbs."

## Colorado's Mountain Peaks.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.

The average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of the year.

## PRODUCTION OF COAL.

IT KEEPS PACE WITH THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

The Fuel Output of the United States Has Increased Until Now It Amounts to Twenty-Five Per Cent. of the World's Total Production.

The announcement that the rapid increase in exportation of coal from the United States is causing uneasiness among British coal producers and exporters lends interest to some figures on the coal production of the world and especially of the United States, just issued by the treasury bureau of statistics. From these it appears that the coal production of the United States is now nearly five times as much as in 1870, that the exportation has in that time increased from a quarter of a million tons to over four million tons, and that the United States, which in 1870 supplied but 17 per cent of the world's output, now furnishes about 25 per cent.

The part played by coal in industrial productivity explains the phenomenal increase of fuel output noted in these statistics. Just as no other country can match the industrial growth of the United States under the policy of protection, so no other country shows such a rapid increase in coal production as does the United States. Great Britain's average annual coal production, as shown by a recent and widely quoted statistical publication of the Swedish government, in the five-year period, 1871-5, amounted to 127,000,000 tons, and in 1891-5 amounted to 185,000,000 tons, an increase of 45 per cent in the average annual output. Germany's average annual coal production in the period 1871-5 was 45,000,000 tons, and in the five-year period 1891-5 was 97,000,000 tons, an increase of 115 per cent. The average annual coal production of France in the period 1871-5 was 16,000,000 tons, and in the term 1891-5, 27,000,000 tons, an increase of 70 per cent. The average annual coal production of the United States in the period 1871-5 was 45,000,000 tons, and in the period 1891-5, according to our own figures, was 132,000,000 tons, an increase of 193 per cent. The average annual output of "other countries" not individually specified was in 1871-5, 34,000,000 tons, and in 1891-5, 79,000,000 tons, an increase of 132 per cent. The total average annual output of the world in 1871-5 was in round numbers 266,000,000 tons, and in 1891-5 520,000,000 tons, an increase of 95 per cent. Omitting the United States, the annual output in 1871-5 averaged 221,000,000 tons, and the average in 1891-5 was 388,000,000 tons, an increase of 75 per cent.

Comparing the growth of coal production of the United States with other parts of the world in the periods named, the record stands as follows: Growth of coal production of leading countries, comparing average annual output in the period 1871-5 with that of period 1891-5.

	Increase, 1871-5 to 1891-5.
	Per cent.
Great Britain .....	45
France .....	70
Germany .....	115
Other countries (omitting United States) .....	132
World (including United States) ..	95
United States .....	193

Both the area of coal production and quantity produced have increased greatly in the United States. In 1870 the number of state in which coal was produced was 20, while in 1897 the number was 32. In 1870 the production of anthracite coal was reported only from Pennsylvania, while the census of 1880 reports production in Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Virginia, and more recent reports show a production of anthracite coal in Colorado and New Mexico. In the south the increase has been especially rapid. Alabama in 1870 mined but 11,000 tons of coal, and in 1897, 5,262,000 tons. Kentucky, which in 1870 mined but 150,000 tons of coal, produced in 1897, 3,216,000 tons. Tennessee increased her output from 133,000 tons in 1870 to 2,500,000 tons in 1897, and Virginia, which produced but 62,000 tons in 1870, produced 1,365,000 tons in 1897.

The following tables show the coal production of the United States and prices in the Philadelphia and Baltimore markets at five-year periods from 1870 to 1898; also the exportation of coal from the United States during the same period:

Year	Anthracite	Bituminous	Total
	tons.	tons.	tons.
1870 ..	15,664,275	17,199,415	32,863,690
1880 ..	28,621,371	41,860,055	70,481,426
1885 ..	31,623,529	70,011,224	102,124,553
1890 ..	36,617,042	78,011,224	114,628,266
1895 ..	46,511,477	94,899,496	141,410,973
1897 ..	41,637,864	106,222,516	147,860,380

Year	Anthracite	Bituminous	Total
	tons.	tons.	tons.
1870 ..	121,098	106,820	227,918
1880 ..	392,626	222,634	615,260
1885 ..	588,461	683,481	1,271,942
1890 ..	795,753	1,136,068	1,931,821
1895 ..	1,397,204	2,374,988	3,772,192
1898 ..	1,326,582	2,682,414	4,008,996

## 300,000 AFFECTED.

Continued Increase of the Rate of Wages Throughout the United States.

One of the surest as well as one of the most satisfactory evidences of returned prosperity is the general advance of wages. The increase is not confined to any one section of the country or to any one branch of industry. From the New England states, from Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Tennessee, Alabama and other states comes the same story of advancing wages. Cotton operatives, iron and steel workers, miners, employees of tin plate companies and other classes of workmen all have profited from an advance of wages. The commercial agencies estimate that the advances already reported affect fully 175,000 workers.

During the last campaign, President McKinley said in one of his speeches that what the country wanted was not open mints but open mills for the employment of American labor. That was what he proposed to see accomplished if he were elected. That is what has been accomplished, thanks to the prompt measures taken by the president to secure the American market to American producers by the re-enactment of a protective tariff law. American mills have been opened and American labor employed, and now comes the inevitable sequence of an increased demand for labor, the increase of wages. And, as the wages of partial free trade become more and more repaired under protection, wages will probably advance more and more, until they reach high water mark in all industries. American workmen will not be likely to consent to any repetition of the folly of 1892 which resulted in the paralysis of American industries and in the idleness of the American people.

## Will Not Be April-Fooled.



Uncle Sam knows from experience there is nothing in it.

## Interdependent Prosperity.

The railroad news of 1898 and 1899 under the Dingley law offers a striking contrast to the sort of railroad news which was all too common in the years of tariff reform and the Wilson-Gorman law. Then the regulation railroad news was the going of one road after another into the hands of a receiver. Now nearly every week brings the report of the incorporation of one or more new railroad companies. The published reports of the roads already in existence show increased earnings and a growing volume of business.

The general prosperity of the railroads goes to make a part of the mass of evidence, easily obtainable, which proves that the prosperity which results from a protective tariff is by no means limited to those persons who are engaged in industries, the products of which are subjected to tariff duties. Protection means prosperity for the whole country. The industrial system is one of interdependence and the prosperity of one branch of industry means the prosperity of many others.

## Panics and Panics.

Trade reports from all over the country continue to tell of remarkable business activity, with prices strong and steady, collections good and an increasing demand in all lines of trade. One correspondent to a trade paper sized up the situation as a "buyers' panic." That is the kind of a "panic" that a protective tariff always brings about. In 1893, under the free trade administration of Mr. Cleveland, with its tariff reform, Wilson-Gorman law we had another kind of a panic, the kind that has always followed upon every experiment made with free trade or any approach to it by this country; a panic when banks failed, factories closed, business men went to the wall and idle workmen walked the streets. It is safe to say that the people of the country prefer the "buyers' panic" of 1899 under protection to the sort of panic we had in 1893 under partial free trade.

## Noticeably Silent.

The wages of employes in the various tin plate factories of the country have been raised recently, and since then free trade papers have been noticeably silent about the "ridiculous idea of making tin plate in this country."—New York Press.

## It Is a Healthy Advance.

Besides the present wage increases in mills, mines, iron and steel works, the cheap skyrocketing antics of Wall Street operators are insignificant, since they create no values save purely fictional ones. Wages are the bottom gauge to wealth and prosperity.—Boston Globe.

## THE THING TO DO.

Preserve the American Market for the Benefit of Americans.

The future fiscal course of the United States in its newly-acquired possessions is a question of absorbing interest outside our own country. Great Britain is particularly concerned to know to what extent, if any, the economic policy which has made America the most envied among the nations of the earth is going to be modified in reference to new territorial conditions, and new trade possibilities; in short, how wide the "open door" is to be. In a recent issue the Newcastle Journal deals with the question at considerable length in its relation to British prospects and probabilities. The writer is duly impressed with the magnitude of the events of the past year, and is moved to say that

"The rapid extension of the trade of the United States of late years, and the prodigious acceleration of its rate of progress during and since the naval war with Spain, are most extraordinary facts in the modern history of the world's trade. Like all similar facts, they have naturally excited feelings of pride and exultation in the United States."

The determination of the United States to enter upon a career of trade conquest has not been misunderstood by the commercial interests of the Old World. They evidently appreciate the fact that a new era of vast importance is at hand. They see the full significance of the fact that the waterway connecting the two oceans is to be absolutely under the control of the United States. On this point the Newcastle Journal remarks:

"A committee of the Senate has decided that the flag of the states shall wave over the canal when it is finished, and the new waterway will add enormously to the prestige and power, as well as to the trade and commerce, that are certain to follow the annexation of Hawaii and the Philippines. The United States will then enter into direct rivalry with Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, China and Japan in the Far East, in the vast Pacific area estimated by Levasseur in 1886 to contain at least a population of 1,500,000,000; while on the shores washed by the waters to be connected with the Atlantic by the Nicaragua Canal there is a population of about 878,000,000—less than half of which dwells in China, and more than a quarter of which is occupied by the Indian dependencies of Great Britain."

If the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific were controlled jointly by Great Britain and the United States, the British Empire and the colonies, especially our Australasian colonies, who are watching the onward progress of the United States with the deepest interest, would no doubt share largely the benefits of the trade there to be developed in the Far East. But if the Nicaragua Canal is to be a monopoly of the United States—fortified on its sides and at both ends, and patrolled by United States war vessels; and if Hawaii and the Philippines are to be shut to our trade, like Cuba and Porto Rico, by high tariffs, the prospect will be very different for the future of our trade in the Pacific and in its seaboard."

On the whole, the outlook is not cheering from the British view-point. Our English friends are not encouraged to hope for a very large share in the commercial round-up. They are afraid that, once having tasted the fruits of a tremendous prosperity, the American people will not take kindly to a diet made up of the moldy chestnuts of free trade. The Journal says: "There is no symptom of any tendency, in Congress or the Senate, to change the fiscal policy of the United States; and as far as can be guessed from the language of the American press and of American public men, the 'boom' that has followed the new tariff, after a brief spurt of 'free trade' in the Wilson tariff of the Cleveland regime, has confirmed the opinion held in many influential quarters that from 1813 to 1898 a free-trade policy has generally resulted in 'lean' years, while the various returns to protection in 1813, 1842-46, 1860-62, and 1896 to 1898, have been most markedly by extraordinary advances in the volume and value of American trade."

If anything were needed to confirm the people of the United States in their determination to adhere firmly to the policy which brings the "fat" years, and to take to themselves every benefit of that policy which shall be involved in the enlarged horizon of possibilities now opened to view, the fears and dreads of foreign competitors furnish that confirmation. A safe economic rule for this country in the future as in the past is to do the thing which foreigners are most afraid we shall do—preserve America for Americans. It is only when we have departed from that rule that the "lean" years have come.

## No Further Meddling Wanted.

Nothing is more certain than that the people have had enough of Democratic tariff reform to last them for more than a generation. While the remembrance of the panic years from 1893 to 1897 lasts, none but theorists and others who have nothing to lose will consent to further meddling with the protective tariff policy. Few others will care for more experiments with silver. Good gold money has become plenty enough since its standard was established and it is rapidly becoming plentier. The gold mines of the world are now turning out more value each year than mines of both gold and silver produced together seven years ago. Their output is increasing. Even the advocates of fiat money can now get as much gold as they will work for.—Tacoma Ledger

A first-rate collection of insects contains about 25,000 distinct species.